The Bystander, September 30, 1914.—No. 565. Vol. XLIII.

The BYSTANDER

TO PROTECT THE WOUNDED—FROM WHOM?

German Red Cross soldiers walking through Berlin—armed with rifles! Not, of course, to kill the wounded, but to "protect" them. But from whom they need protection is not clear, as it is not the habit of the Allies to fire upon the Red Cross

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War Comments

What Germany Thinks of Us—

THERE comes to us from everywhere—from travellers who have smuggled themselves home, from despatches from neutral countries, from such German papers as are quoted—the news that Great Britain is the most detested of all the countries the Germans are now fighting. Not despised, detested. Compared with the abuse being showered on us, what is said about France is flattering, about Russia polite. It is we, the British, who are the real villains of the piece, and upon our heads are to fall the best-selected bombs.

***

—And Why

The reason given out by the enemy for so disliking us are various. Sir Edward Grey is discovered to have been guilty of duplicity (German for good diplomacy), to have succeeded in the heinous crime of having won, for our conduct in going to war, the approval of everybody else in the world but the Germans. The British Empire has had the odious bad taste not to break up as per German calculations.

***

Prophecies that Failed

Nobody has rebelled—not even the Indians, the Boers, or the Egyptians. Ireland actually declares this to be Ireland's as well as Britain's war. Our Navy, despite a few surprises, holds the complete command of the seas so tightly that the German Navy is powerless for serious ill. We actually managed, dead against all German arrangements, to put an Army into France, and the said Army, instead of running away, caused the cultured Germans so to do, and by its presence was able to frustrate the whole German plans regarding Paris.

***

The Compliment Unintentional

Britain, having done all these things, has behaved very badly, so she is doomed. We thank the Germans. To be doomed by them seems, nowadays, to be insured as a first-class life. But what we do thank them most of all for is the very high, and unmistakable *compliment* they pay us in these wild fulminations. A few months ago I never dared to believe that such grace would be ours in the sight of the self-chosen of God. That our Navy might have done well one expected. But that Germany should herself be throwing these bouquets of exquisite flowers at our Army, at our diplomacy, at our Imperial homogeneity, and our national spirit—well, that seems too good.

***

Its Probable Sequel

Let us pay the Germans the return compliment of saying we don't believe their threats. We believe that their abuse of us is based on nothing other than the respect they are reluctantly compelled to feel for a nation that has proved itself unexpectedly up to and above the Prussian militarist standard of capacity. In a few weeks or months the Germans will be admitting this, and then they will pay us something they will really intend as a compliment. They will tell us that we are, after all, nothing but Germans! And we——I think we shall then get really angry.

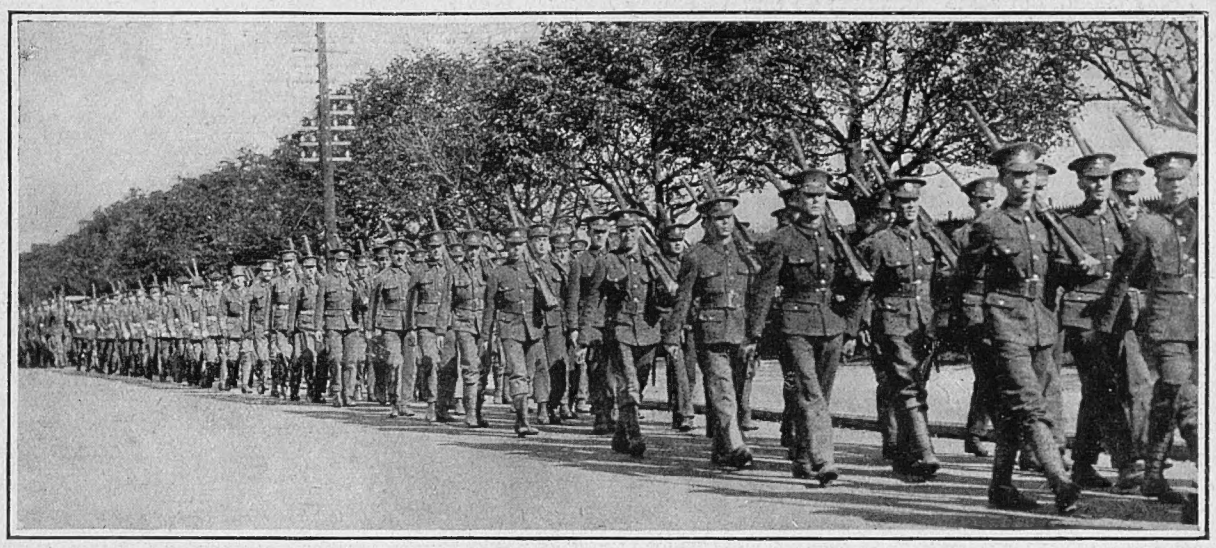
***

"One More River"?

The Battle of the Aisne enters its third week. At the moment, it looks to be taking a critical turn on the German right, where we are both engaged in trying to outflank each other. The latest reports speak of "marked progress" by the Allies. If this is continued, there may be another German retreat, and we shall then, presumably, sit down for another three weeks upon the banks of a third river—probably the Oise. I trust that this will prove the "one more river" that has to be crossed before we reach the Promised Land of decisive victory. But a glance of the map will show that, before the Allies can even think of the Battle of the Rhine, the enemy has to be driven back again across the Meuse and the Ardennes—the way he came.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

Uniformed Already—and Reviewed



Photograph] KITCHENER'S ARMY AT ALDERSHOT *[Sport and General*

Marching along Queen's Avenue to be inspected by the King

The Need for Speeding Up—

If such a task is accomplished this side of Christmas, the stars will, indeed, be fighting in their courses for the cause of the Allies. A safer estimate, which is given by most military authorities, is that nothing in the way of a final victory by the Anglo-French is to be looked for until next spring, by which time Britain will be able to throw in a sufficiently large number of new troops to turn the scale to victory. It is, therefore, in the hands of "Kitchener's own" to fit themselves in the quickest possible time, and to do that, some exceptional keenness has to be shown by both officers and men.

***

—And for Closer Discipline

We trust the well-known hustling proclivities of the War Minister will be brought into full play, particularly to see that no time is lost in getting the new Army encamped. The present "billeting" of thousands of youths in the comfortable country homes of the Home Counties, as the compulsory guests of their occupants, is not the best possible preparation for "the front," while the absence of discipline and rules of conduct in leisure hours is exercising anything but the right effect on the *moral* of the men who are to be the saviours of Europe.

***

Did They "See Any Green"?

A correspondent who has just returned from Russia informs me that the Cossacks *en route* for Germany are distinguished by the fact that their horses' skins are dyed *green*. This gives us a new test of the accurate vision of those of our friends who "saw Cossacks" in their recent journey across England. Did they see any green horses?

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE KING ACCOMPANIED BY LORD KITCHENER AT THE INSPECTION

His Majesty spent the past week-end at Aldershot, noting with approval the progress made by his new Army

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (concluded)

Queen Wilhelmina's Firmness

Precious little reaches us as to what is happening in Holland, but some Dutchmen do find their way over and one of them tells me that the feeling against the Prince Consort, whose manifestations of sympathy for his German fellow-countrymen have been frequent, reached boiling-point the other day, as a result of which his Queen signed an order making him practically a prisoner in the Hague.

***

What About Poles?

Nothing would induce me to cast doubts on the veracity of official contradictions. But the famous denial of the "Russian myth" has quite failed to silence those who say they have the evidence to the contrary of their own eyes. The denial, you remember, was of the passage of *Russians* through Great Britain. Nothing was said about——Poles!

***

The Reason Why

I take no responsibility whatever for this improved version of the Great Rumour, but there is just this in its favour. Russia has a good many hundreds of thousands of Polish troops who would be delighted to fight for France against Prussia, but would desire not to fight for Russia against Austria. Their transportation west would therefore be not only a possibility, but, from the Russian standpoint, a desirable precaution.

***

Fine Fighting—

While we have the highest admiration for the work of our land and sea forces, a little professional pride compels us to say that the finest of all our fights is that put up by our speakers and writers. From the Prime Minister and the Chancellor down (or perhaps some would prefer that we said up) to the local leader writer, the invective is fine, the irony withering, and the arguments are grand.

SIR STANLEY BUCKMASTER, K.C., M.P.

The Solicitor-General, who has recently taken up the post of Head of the Press Bureau, vice Mr. F. E. Smith

—And Puerile Piffling

We have nothing but contempt for the puerile sort of stuff that is sent out by the enemy. What dreary drivel it all is; what priceless piffle! Their highest capacity in the way of retort to British contentions seems to be the schoolboy one of saying "you're another,"—or failing that, "you *were* another some time ago," or "you would be another if you got the chance." Germany seems to have got everything ready for war save a few brains in the skulls of her statesmen and journalists.

***

A Doubtful Choice

The selection of the Solicitor-General, Sir Stanley Buckmaster, as successor to Mr. F. E. Smith at the Press Bureau does not inspire confidence. He has not the time for the work, and, besides, it is near to a scandal that as Press Director he should recommend prosecutions under the Defence of the Realms Act which, as Solicitor-General, he or someone acting for him would undertake.

***

Deeds Not Words

It was distinctly "hard luck" that Mr. Churchill's threat to dig the German fleet "like rats out of a hole," should have been followed by the sinking of the three cruisers. A man should always know, however, when his luck is out, and would not the First Lord be wiser for awhile to observe silence? One does not read of any words at all by Admiral von Tirpitz, but rather too often of his deeds.

***

Rather too Pressing

Mr. Churchill's invitation to the Italians to "come in," also, seems to have been a little too pressing. The Italians will join the *Entente* at their own time, for their own reasons, and at their own price—if they join it all. Many far-seeing people doubt whether they will, and think that a friendly neutrality on Italy's part will be almost as useful to us later on, when peace hangs in the balance, as now.

Photograph *Sport and General*

SIR EDWARD AND LADY CARSON

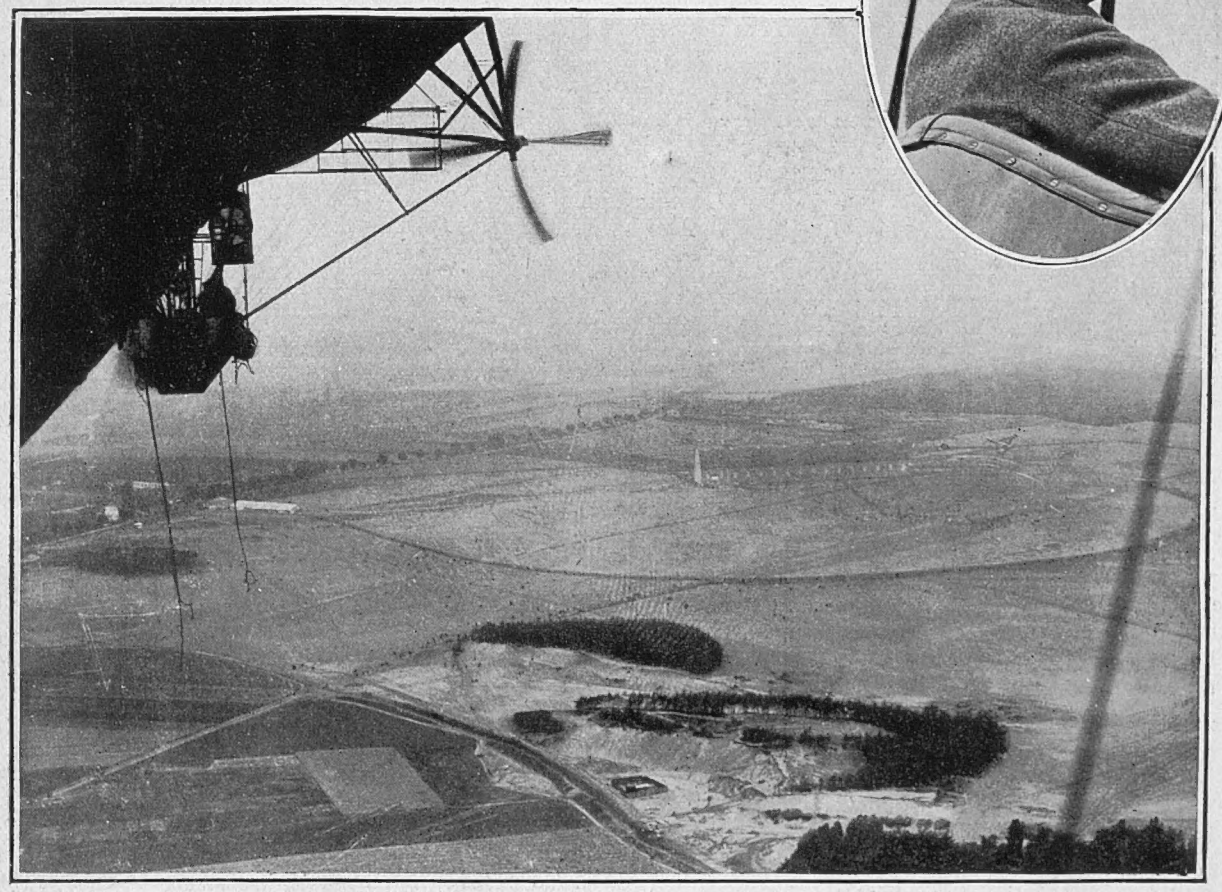
Whose marriage took place at Charlton Musgrove on Sept. 17. Lady Carson was formerly Miss Ruby Frewen, and is the elder daughter of Colonel Frewen, late commanding 16th Lancers

Scrapped by Shell Fire

Photograph *Topical*

A striking picture of a stricken German motor convoy which has been absolutely wiped out by the Allies' guns. In order to clear the road the débris has been piled at the side of it

Our Air Raid on Düsseldorf



This picture gives a birdseye view of the object of last week's daring air raid over Düsseldorf, in the course of which three bombs were dropped upon the Zeppelin sheds apparently with effect. It was taken from a Zeppelin in flight by a "Daily Mirror" photographer. Inset is a portrait of Flight-Lieut. Collett, R.N., the hero of the exploit

World-Wide War

THE WEEK'S VARYING FORTUNES BY LAND AND SEA

WHILST awaiting the issue of the titanic struggle in the valleys of the Aisne and Oise, it is opportune to review the situation generally. Last week brought out in remarkable fashion the world-wide nature of the war, and it showed that the crisis in coming to a head now has saved future generations from far greater horrors.

Never since the war commenced have operations been so widespread. What zeal, what industry, what wealth have gone to the creation of this great German Empire in the last forty years! How marvellously rapid has been the growth. And now the civilised world sees for itself the baleful objects which were behind this Germanic expansion.

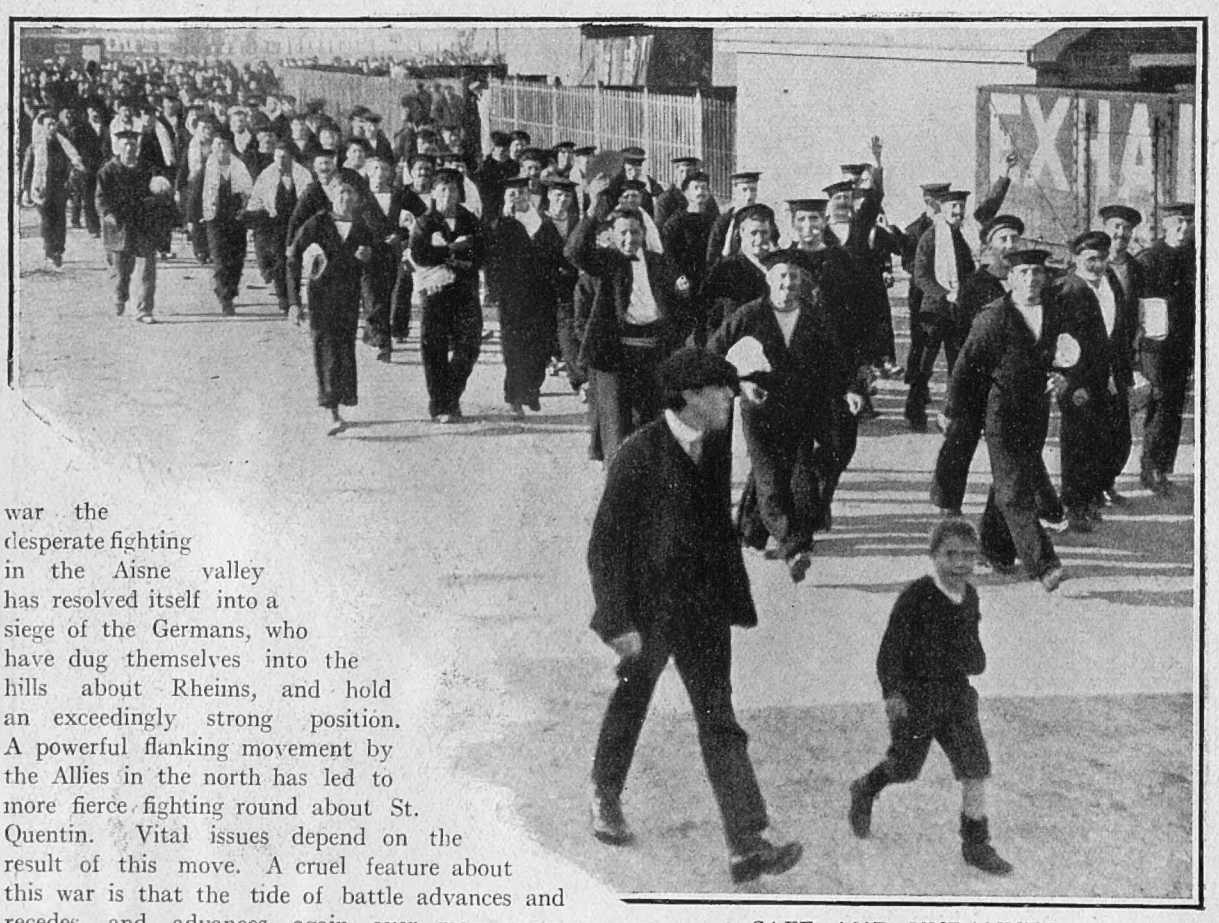
The Prussian octopus was tackled none too soon. Five or ten years hence it would have been so powerful and far-extending that the whole world would have been plunged into war with little hope of victory against Germanism. Posterity owes a debt to the men who are now fighting this sinister growth.

To-day there is every prospect of success, though the struggle is hard. In the French theatre of war the desperate fighting in the Aisne valley has resolved itself into a siege of the Germans, who have dug themselves into the hills about Rheims, and hold an exceedingly strong position. A powerful flanking movement by the Allies in the north has led to more fierce fighting round about St. Quentin. Vital issues depend on the result of this move. A cruel feature about this war is that the tide of battle advances and recedes, and advances again over many areas, thus intensifying the horror and destruction of the process.

But this defensive business with spasmodic counter-attacks is no good for Germany. She has not smashed the Allies or invested Paris. Her best chance for doing so has passed. She is growing weaker under the hard slogging. Time is against her: and many other factors are working for her defeat.

Not the least important is the impending petrol famine in Germany owing to the premature Russian occupation of Galicia, from which oil-fields the Germans drew their main supplies. Petrol is as valuable as food to the German Army. A petrol famine can paralyse her mobility.

By sea the score has been in Germany's favour during the week. Three British cruisers fell to a skilfully planned submarine attack, with terrible loss of life. It has been a dearly-bought lesson, but our Navy know how to take it. There is no occasion to take panic views about the powers of the submarine. We can beat Germany in under-water warfare as in over-water fighting. Germany is as far off as ever from making any real use of her naval power. The blockade which is driving her to bankruptcy is more rigorous and powerful than before.



SAFE AND UNDAUNTED

Some survivors from the three British cruisers sunk in the North Sea, as they appeared after landing in this country last Thursday

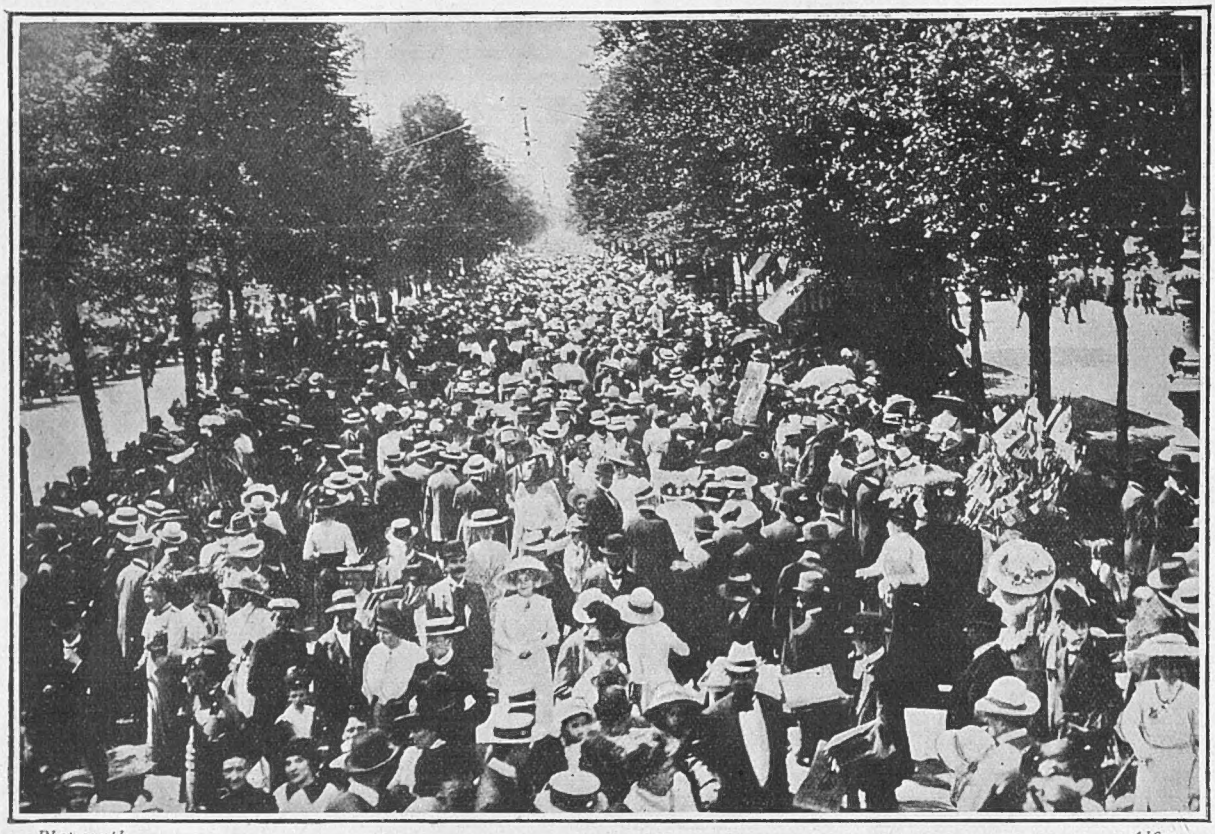
"Les Allemands Ont Passés"

THREE VIEWS OF THE TOWN OF SENLIS AFTER THE GERMAN OCCUPATION

Senlis, thirty-five miles North of Paris, is one of the towns which the Germans burnt on the pretext that the civilian population had fired upon them. They also shot several of the inhabitants including the Mayor, and, as one account says, "behaved like maddened beasts"

Has Germany Also Her Slackers?

THE VERY CROWDED STATE OF BERLIN'S STREETS IN WAR TIME



Photograph *Alfieri*

AN AFTERNOON SCENE UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN

Photograph *L.N.A.*

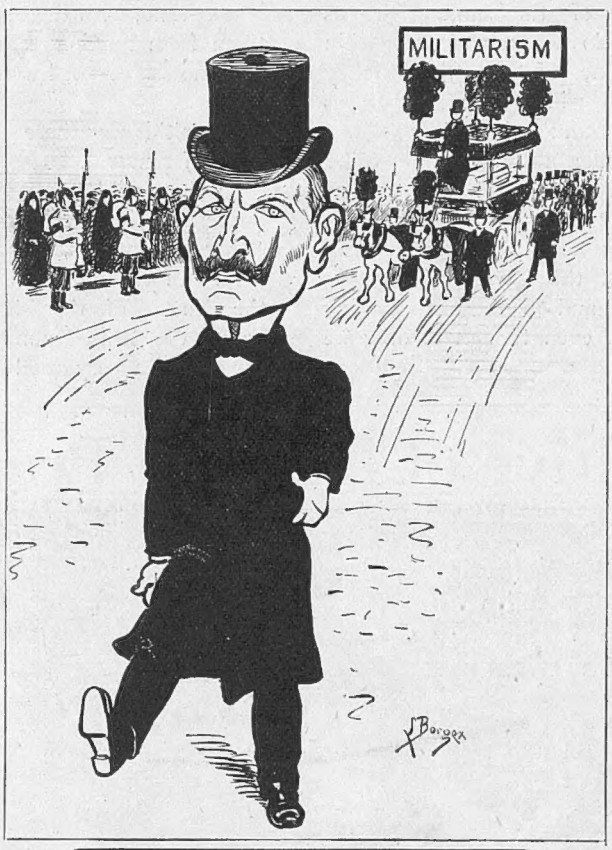
PATRONS OF BERLIN'S PENNY DINNERS—ONE OF THE "HITS" OF "THE DAY"

Judging by the number of men, apparently capable of bearing arms, who, as these pictures show, throng the streets of Berlin daily, it would seem that even the great German nation has its "slackers," and that the Germans are also addicted to "killing the enemy with their mouths" even more than the English, who have long ago given up parading the streets

The Legion of Vitriolists

OR WHO ARE THE REAL PRO-GERMANS?

TO the service of the country are now directed not only the lives and limbs of her fighting youth, but also the tongues and pens of those of riper years. What was formerly given to the Moloch of party politics is now dedicated to Patriotism. Witness Mr. Lloyd George's magnificent speech to the Welshmen! Instead of the Dukes, the Kaiser! For the Germans, rare and refreshing bullets. It is the small nations, no longer the poor, who now have the parched throats, and the Welsh mountains form the heights from which the national enemy, not the landlords, receives the shrapnel of rhetoric. Likewise, Mr. George's former abusers. Poured like vitriol on the head of the Prussian is the essence of all the hatred that used to be boiled, in the armchairs of club-land and villadom, for the benefit of the other side in home politics.



THE LAST UNIFORM OF ALL

(To be worn after the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace)

Owing, however, to the cut wires and the censorship, the enemy lives on in blissful ignorance of the wordy hell that is his lot. He has no shadow of a notion of a fraction of the awful things that are said about him by those who formerly said them all about their own countrymen of the other way of political thinking. Conscious of a serious waste of epithets, our Legion of Vitriolists must needs find victims at home.

For a while, the spy—real and suspected—got them all entirely to himself, and positively everybody who had a German name, or who drank German beer, ate German sausage, or suffered from German measles was commended to the attention of the police. A clean sweep—more or less—having been made of these, the Vitriolists looked about for new victims.

The Vitriolists had an agreed-on code of patriotism as precisely defined as was formerly the conduct of party politics. There were the Right Sort of People—those who hated the enemy with their whole heart and soul, and intended his entire removal from the face of the earth, and who were sworn to spare no effort to send to the firing line *everybody else* who conformed in any way to the requirements of the Recruiting Sergeant—and there were the wrong sort. All young men not in uniform—even though they be civil servants, diplomats, relief workers, and other servants of their country—were to be scorned and spurned and scouted. That good work done, Kitchener's ranks being fuller than the War Office was able to deal with, the Vitriolists gave the slacker a rest, and turned their attention to the Pro-German.

A Pro-German was anybody who did not happen to take the Vitriolic view of every point under discussion. Did you fear that the enemy might make good one or other of his plans? You were a Pro-German. Did you regret the loss of this ship or the failure to retain that fortress? Pro-German! Did you hope that the war would not last too long? P.-G.

We ourselves have been called Pro-Germans because we have included at times among our cartoons expressions of horror at the cynicism and the savagery of war in general. The Vitriolist, you see, out-Bernhardis Bernhardi and out-Treitschkes Treitschke in his new-found belief in war for war's own sweet sake. His view—expressed in the most violent and insulting terms—is that it is the duty of an illustrated weekly to suppress all attempts to depict the tragedy or the pathos of war situations. But the Vitriolist's full wrath is being brought to bear on those who dare to foresee that there will still, after this war, remain some sort of a German Empire, and who are unable to draft any map of Europe that does not include such a painful necessity. The Vitriolist seems to think the Allies will succeed in destroying the entire Teutonic race, and if anybody doubts the practicability, or even the advisability, of doing so, he is, of course, a Pro-German: little better than a traitor to his country.

It is necessary to speak plainly. These gentlemen here are as wrong as wrong can be. That we shall defeat utterly the forces of the present German Empire

we believe and hope, also avenge to the uttermost the loathsome barbarities which the Prussian militarists have deliberately perpetrated on citizen populations, temples of religion, and treasures of art. We also hope that the dynasty that has been at the head of this Hunnish movement will be rooted out, never again to rear its dishonoured head. But to do this does not and cannot carry with it the extermination of the entire German nation who, when the war is over and they are beaten, will be at one with the Allies in desiring a clean-sweep of the system that has brought them to ruin and disgrace.

There will continue at the end of this war to be some sixty millions of people speaking the German language, and no map of Europe will be worth the paper it is written on that seeks to deprive those people of the same right as the rest of the world to do as they please within their own walls. As one of the things they will continue able to do will be to bear arms and to use them, the talk of stamping out German "militarism," while retaining all other kinds, is wild talk. You can crush the present *power* of German militarism, as you crushed that of Napoleon, but Germany now, like France then, will survive to be one of the Powers of Europe, and she will have some hand in the map-making that is to follow the war, even though it only be a helping hand.

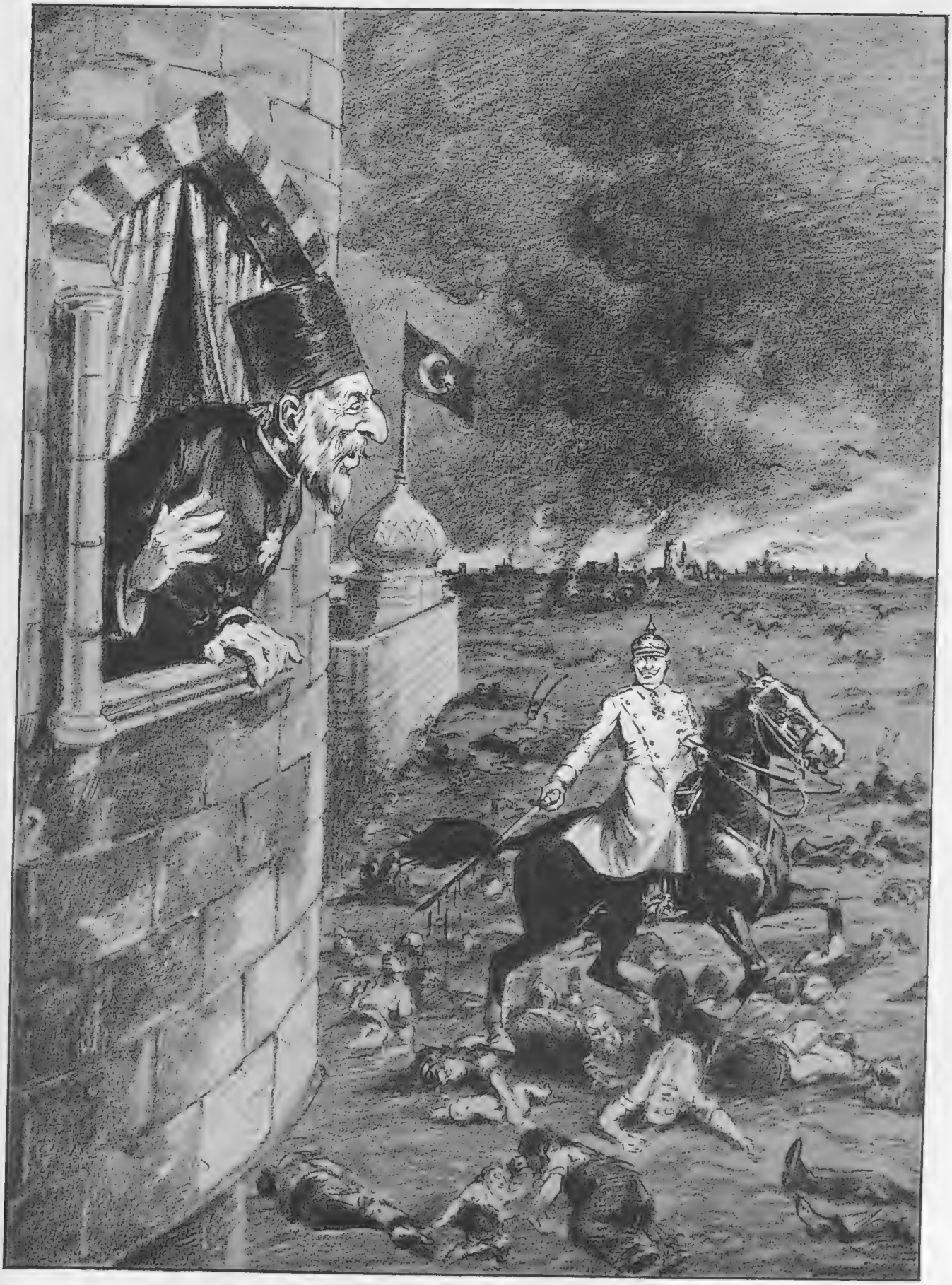
The Vitriolists will not like to see this truth stated. They will get out their pens and prepare to give us the hottest time of our lives. They will call us Pro-Germans again, and yet again. We anticipate them by saying it is they who are the Pro-Germans. It is they who are primarily responsible for the fact that there is war at all. It was they who, by their wild hysterical ravings against their own fellow-countrymen, led all Europe—our Allies as well as our enemies—to believe that we were an effete and a distracted people, unworthy and incapable of playing any part in the history of the world. It was they who worked up scare after scare and encouraged the Germans to believe we were too frightened ever to risk our skins in an encounter with them. It was they who, by libelling our military capacity and underrating the power of our Navy, led our Allies practically to discount the value of our aid in war-time, with the result that only a miracle saved them from making terms with the enemy without our knowledge—of leaving us out in the cold.

After this war there will be many nuisances in need of removal, but of these none will be more so than these wild hunters after hatreds, reckless, rabid, intolerant, incapable of far-seeing or fair feeling either as regards the enemy or their own fellow-countrymen. Of the monsters that will be swept away by the Youth of the Nation, returned from victory across the Rhine, none will be swept further than they—and a very good riddance! V. C.

Proof Positive of German Premeditation

The above is a reproduction of an envelope addressed to Mr. Loewenthal, a British subject residing in London, which was returned by the German Post Office to the senders, clients of his in Hamburg. This letter was opened by the German authorities on August 1 (see postmark)—three days before war with Britain was declared—and returned for the reasons stated, "Wegen Kriegszust Zurück" (Returned Owing to State of War). As no state of war existed on the date in question, the above furnishes proof positive that it was anticipated, at all events by the German authorities, and that it was not, as Germany now pretends, "perfidiously" sprung upon her by Great Britain

The Expert



ABDUL HAMID (formerly "The Damned"): "MASTERLY!"

Should Women Fight?

BY "EFEMERA"

IT has always been taken for granted that man is a fighting animal. Personally, I can see no reason why able-bodied women should not serve their country in the field as well as at home. As a matter of fact, they have frequently done so: history teems with examples of militant females who have won distinction on the field of battle, from Boadicea down. Of course, scythes attached to chariot-wheels are a trifle *démodés*, but the sex which drove war chariots might reasonably turn its hand to armoured motor-cars and machine-guns. It may be urged that fighting is not a "ladylike" or even womanly pursuit; but what, in Heaven's name, is ladylike and womanly? Needlework prinking, flirting, dancing, sewing, and making tea are, no doubt, delightfully ladylike, but, with the exception of sewing, they are hardly useful, and until the romantic conception of clothing the army in and out of hospital came upon us, how many women did we find engaged upon a long seam? If fighting be unladylike because it implies strength, vigour, disarrangement of the appearance, and excitement, what of hockey and tennis? Surely no one acquainted with nursing, cooking, and charring would venture to call them pleasing and delicate occupations.

Our traditions of ladyhood come to us from the early Victorian period, when elegant bottle-shouldered and wasp-waisted young persons indulged in croquet and woolwork, reclined on sofas, and fainted upon no provocation at all. Were these our present ideals of womanliness there would be obviously nothing to say. Who could imagine Clarissa in ringlets marching to the front? But she would be equally inconceivable on the hockey-field or in the hospital ward. The distinctions drawn by the masculine mind have long puzzled me by their inconsistency. Why should it be womanly to scrub a floor, to nurse a loathsome disease or unpleasant surgical case, and unwomanly to cast a vote or shoot an enemy? Considered dispassionately, the combination of drudge, courtesan and helpless hanger-on is not a very high ideal of womanhood.

The question of physical strength has always been advanced as the chief argument against military service for women. As applied to Clarissa, no one could dispute its validity, but the woman of to-day is a different person entirely. I wonder how many women could get into their great-grandmothers' clothes, let alone wear them, with any degree of comfort? While men seem to have reached the limit of physical development women have taken a new lease of life. Two generations ago a girl of five foot six was considered tall—now she is barely of medium height, and the six-foot woman is by no means uncommon. It is nothing nowadays for a woman to tower above her male escort, and the spectacle of a small man sandwiched between two robust giants of women is so common as to pass unnoticed. Certainly the hard-riding, sport-loving athletic woman is a match for her male chum, so far as strength and resistance to fatigue are concerned. Given equal strength and the great power of endurance which women undoubtedly possess, the modern Amazon ought to be able to hold her own on the march as well as in action.

Whenever I see the stalwart woman of to-day, tall, determined, not to say aggressive, of demeanour, with hands and feet to match her height, the ideal, one would say, of the recruiting sergeant, I wonder by what freak of convention she should be considered incapable of bearing arms. If the Uhlans have been dismayed by the prowess of our soldiers, imagine the havoc wrought in their *morale* were they to be confronted by a regiment of indomitable female Grenadiers. Who knows? We may yet live to read a message sent by some German Prince to a pious aunt: "God has allowed me to be wounded by a woman. Bless Him! You will join me in thanking the Almighty that in Germany no such thing is yet possible."

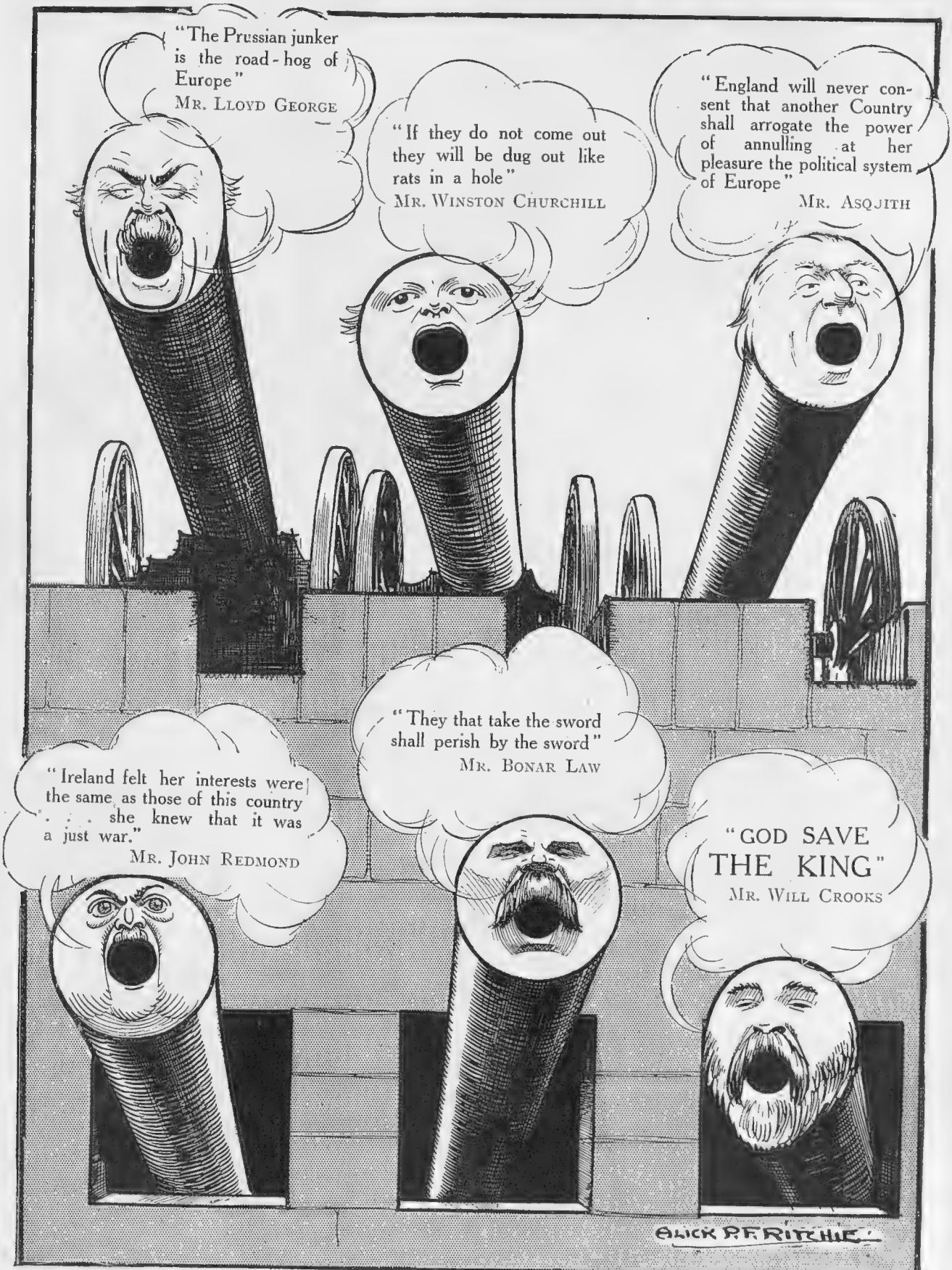
EFEMERA

THE PROUDEST DAY OF HER LIFE

"Good-bye" to one of "The Pals"

Siege Guns of Rhetoric

OR HOW OUR POLITICIANS ARE HELPING THE WORK OF THE SERVICES



One of the most awe-inspiring features of the present war, from the enemy's standpoint, is the terrific force of rhetoric that has been mobilised and brought into action by Britain. Mouths which were formerly engaged in silencing each other are now combining with deadly effect against the common enemy

Some of the Soldier's Burdens

PITY THE POOR FRENCH CYCLIST SCOUT. A MARKSMAN UNDER DIFFICULTIES

OF all the military lessons which the war is yielding none is more clamor the fighting man free of all unnecessary hamper. The French infantryn back; his rifle is longer and heavier than ours; he carries pick and shovel if he if he's a scout, and all manner of field appliances if he be an engineer. Ou burden, all told. His ammunition pouch has 9lb. of cartridges; his accoutre contents of his pack 10lb. 1oz., and his emergency ration and water 5lb. 14 Then rifle and bayonet make another 10½lb., so it is hardly fair to increase his lo soldier must needs be also a mountaineer, with alpenstock and rope, whilst inevitable machine-gun which has played so dreadful a part in this war. But the foot-soldier, upon whom, after all, the fate of the battle depends. More than on has complained he could not use his bayonet freely at close-quarters owing to shoulders. The Belgians have their dogs, powerful mastiff mongrels, of which miles a day with a light gun, and assist the sentry at night besides. Our own cycle attachments wherewith to haul maxim guns, and our sappers no longer carry their to the new pack-horse harness devised by Corporal Edge, of the Artists' Rifles. will show how this ingenious harness lightens Tommy's load in a g

HOW THE SWISS SOLDIER CLIMBS WITH A QUICK FIRER ON HIS BACK

HOW OUR TOMMIES HAVE HAD TO PLAY THE PART OF MULES AT OSTEND

and some Aids to their Relief

THE BRITISH MILITARY CYCLIST CAN HITCH HIS MACHINE ON TO A LIGHT GUN

us than the need to keep
in may carry 96lb. on his
be a sapper, a bicycle outfit
own Tommy has a fairish
ients weigh 8lb. 5oz.; the
z.—altogether about 36lb.
d any further. The Swiss
on his back he bears the
tendency is to relieve the
e the French "piou-piou"
the huge pack between his
a team can do their twenty
corps have special machine
own pick and spade, thanks
A glance at the photograph
reat campaign

HOW OUR TOMMIES ARE RELIEVED OF THE WEIGHT OF TRENCHING TOOLS

HOW DOGS HELP THE BELGIAN SOLDIER ON THE MARCH. THESE MASTIFFS WILL DO THEIR TWENTY MILES A DAY

The Press Censorship

MR. SMITH'S ADVANCEMENT OUT OF AN UNENVIABLE POSITION

MR. F. E. SMITH'S departure for the war will be acclaimed by his innumerable friends and admirers no less for its discretion than its valour. He makes a strategic retreat, in good order, from a position that neither he, nor any other force of human intelligence, could have held for long against the enemy before it.

There is no such thing as a good Press Censor. All Press Censors are bad Press Censors—from one point of view or another. If they pass for publication what the Press wants, the odds are heavy that it will be what the Authorities don't want. If they omit to pass what the Press wants, the Press is naturally incensed. Mr. F. E. Smith has saved himself and his guns from perhaps the worst fate of all—that of him who has tried to please both parties. At times the Bureau has been amazingly dilatory, and has left us uninformed about affairs that could have been revealed without danger to the cause of strategy. At other times it has been equally amazingly previous—as, for instance, with the "Fall of Namur."

As an added misfortune, the Press Censorship has been—at times—interesting. There has been, in some of the official announcements, the phraseological touch, in displaying which the Censor has trespassed on the prerogative of the Press itself. To be safe, a Censor must be, above everything, dull. He must disclose no personality—certainly no purpose. Mr. Smith authorised the publication of the *Times* message from Mons with a clear eye of his own to the national weal. A Censor, to be safe, must have no patriotism save such as is provided for him, with his rooms and his rations, by the Powers Above. The Mons indiscretion painted a picture for us of a Censor with a soul: no Censor ought to have a soul—during office hours—and, if he have, he should censor it.

Mr. F. E. Smith goes to the front with the best wishes of those who have, so often, sought to find him at the back. If his reputation as a Press Censor has not been made, neither would have been anybody else's, and if a reputation has to be lost in a war, he is to be congratulated who loses his early and thus has his lapses forgotten by a public who will be busy later on in burying by scores the reputations of others.

Unionist newspapers will, perhaps, be glad that the Censorship now passes under the control of a member of the Liberal Party (Sir Stanley Buckmaster). It will be so much more congenial to find fault with an opponent than with a confrère.

"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS"

MR. F. E. SMITH ABANDONS THE PEN FOR THE LESS MIGHTY AND LESS DANGEROUS IMPLEMENT

(It is understood that Mr. Smith, prior to vacating the Press Censorship, accepted an important position on the staff of the Indian contingent)

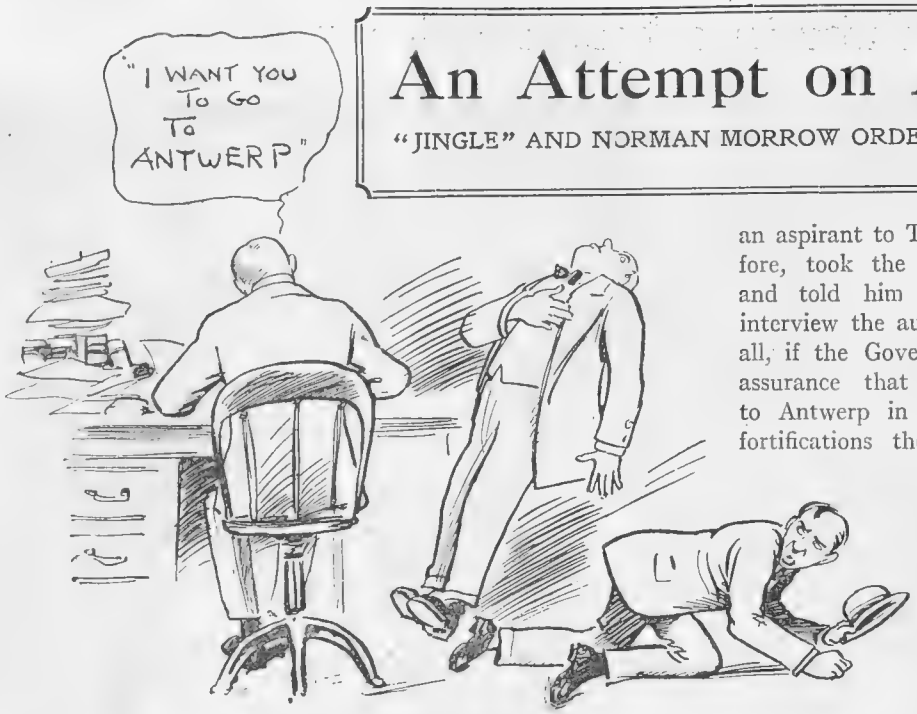
"Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop"

—The Taming of the Shrew

THE CENSOR AT WORK AS HE IS SEEN BY THE PRESS

An Attempt on Antwerp

"JINGLE" AND NORMAN MORROW ORDERED TO THE FRONT



"The Editor's instructions were, 'Go to—Antwerp'"

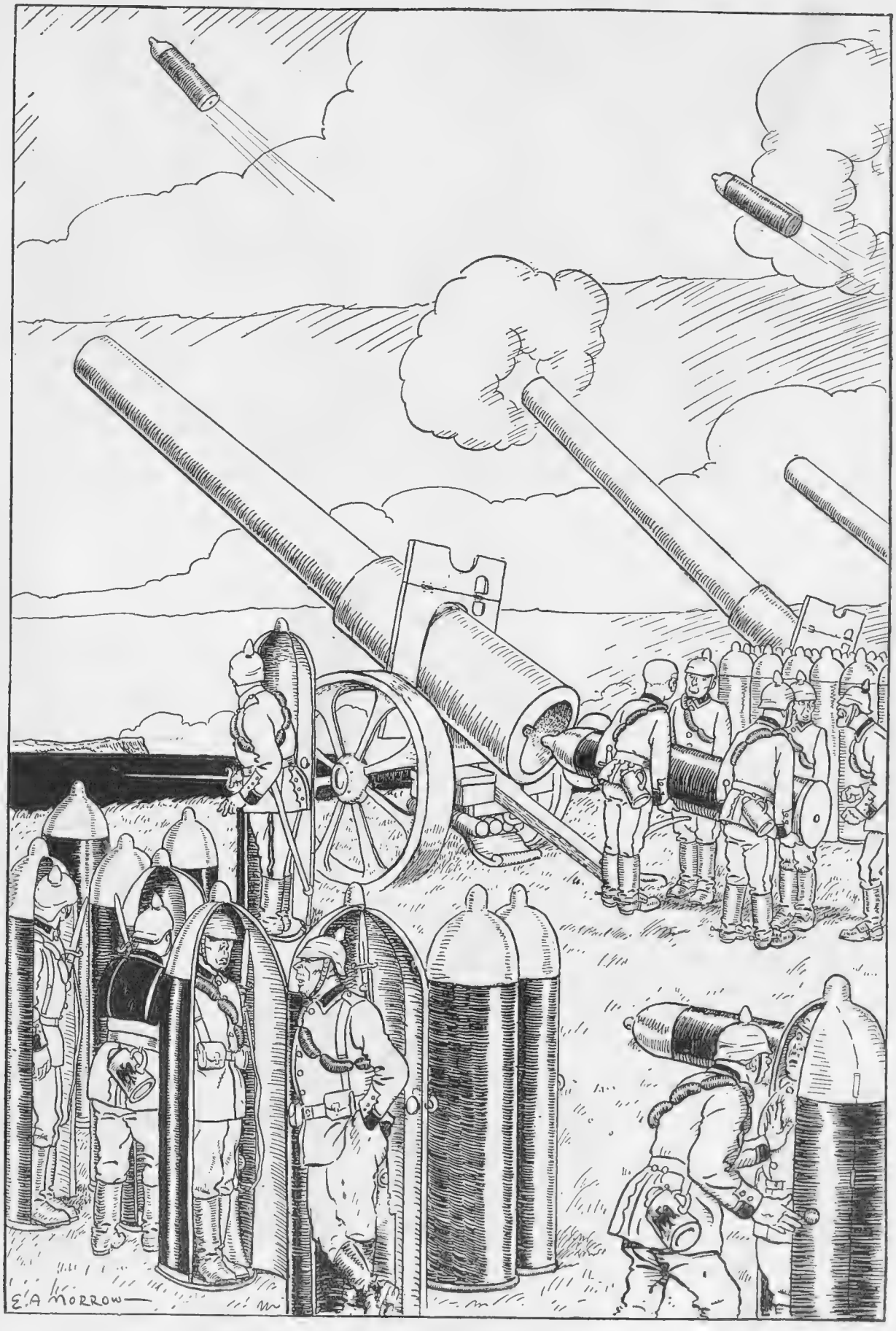
THE Editor's instructions were very precise and of commendable brevity. He said: "Go to—Antwerp!" A boat was ready to take us to the salubrious spot in question, and all that we lacked was the harmless, but necessary, passport. Describing ourselves, therefore, with reasonable accuracy as journalists, we applied for our passports through the usual channel, and waited in confidence for the following morning's post. Instead of the documents we expected, however, there came from the Foreign Office the startling request that we would be so good as to state the purpose for which we proposed to visit Antwerp just now. The request came as a sort of poser. What would a journalist want to visit a city like Antwerp for just now? It is hardly likely that he would choose the present moment to go to Antwerp to open, say, a second-hand furniture shop, or to float a limited liability company. The idea that two journalists wanted to go to Antwerp to exercise their profession does not seem to have occurred to the Foreign Office.

On the other hand, everybody writes for the papers nowadays, and is presumably entitled to be called a journalist. The title is no longer the monopoly of the recognised practitioner, just as the lady who is "described as an actress" is not necessarily an aspirant to Thespian renown. I, therefore, took the lad Morrow by the hand and told him we had better go and interview the authorities personally. After all, if the Government wanted a definite assurance that we did not desire to go to Antwerp in order to break up the fortifications there, we were quite prepared to give our word that we would not molest the Belgian Army in any way. This would be quite a safe undertaking, as the Belgian Army has already shown that it cannot be pushed about with impunity.

The official at the Foreign Office received us with a sad and tired look, and pleaded with us to the effect that Antwerp was really not the place for English people to visit just now. He seemed to take our project so much to heart that I half-expected him to suggest that a few days at Brighton or Blackpool would do us much more good. He reminded me a little of the well-intentioned official who, when asked to make out a passport for Przemysl, nibbled his pen-holder for a few moments and then inquired politely whether the applicant would not just as soon go to some other place that was easier to spell. We gently insisted on our right to passports for Antwerp, however, and the official, with a sigh of resignation, left us with the assurance that the documents should be ready in a few moments. Shortly afterwards a Boy Scout

"I took the lad Morrow by the hand"—

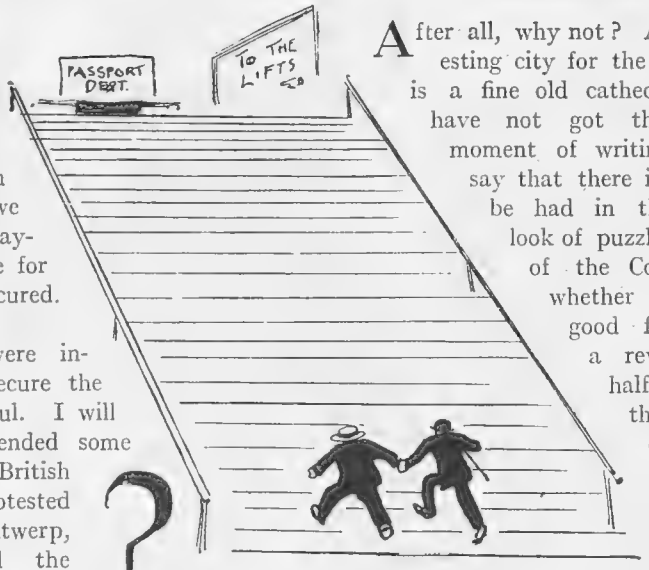
Surprises In Store For England



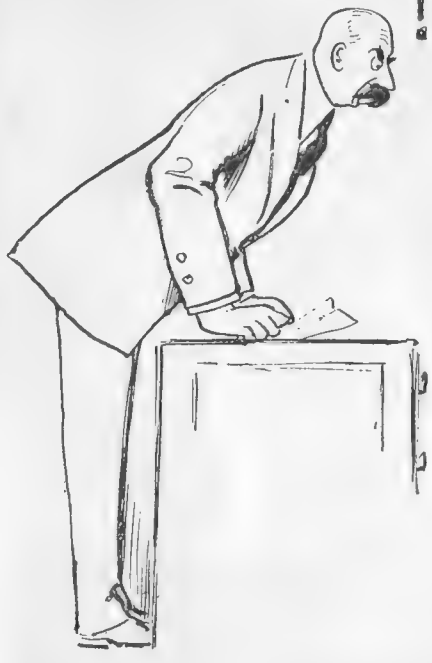
1.—KRUPP'S NEW MAN-THROWING HOWITZER

appeared with the passports in his hand. He did not seem to share his chief's anxiety about our destination. What seemed to be worrying him most was the fear lest we should get away without paying him the statutory fee for the privilege we had secured.

The next step, we were informed, was to secure the *visé* of the Belgian Consul. I will admit that we apprehended some difficulty there. If the British Foreign Office had protested against our going to Antwerp, how much more would the Belgian Consul protest against such a project? Worked out as a simple proportion sum, it certainly looked as if we should need all our persuasive powers to secure the coveted *visé*. As it happened, however, the Consul was business itself. He took our passports, worked at them for a minute or two with a scratchy pen and a couple of india-rubber stamps, and then handed the documents back with a request that we would each be so good as to give him half-a-crown. I have never seen good money so easily earned in my life. But the very simplicity of the procedure made me a little doubtful, and so I ventured to put the crucial question as to whether our passports would now admit us to—Antwerp. He looked at us with a politely bewildered expression, and raised his eyebrows and asked: "Why not?"



—"To interview the authorities personally"



"We gently insisted on our right to passports for Antwerp . . ."

After all, why not? Antwerp is a most interesting city for the summer tripper. There is a fine old cathedral there (the Germans have not got the range of it at the moment of writing), and just now they say that there is some good shooting to be had in the neighbourhood. The look of puzzled surprise on the face of the Consul when I doubted whether our passports would be good for Antwerp was quite a revelation to me. I had half a mind to hint to him that I had heard indirectly that there was a war going on somewhere about the locality in question, but I refrained from doing so lest he should charge me with romancing.

Instead of this I dragged the lad Morrow away and hurried him to the docks, only to find that the boat that was to have taken us had sailed a few hours before. I do not know whether we shall ever get to Antwerp; but we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that anybody who attempts wantonly to interfere with us in the near future will have to give a very prompt account of himself to our friend Sir Edward Grey.

JINGLE

"Feared lest we should get away without paying him the statutory fee"

Russia's Scots-Descended Warriors

No army in the world contains so many officers of foreign extraction as the Russian Army. Among them are several whose ancestors must obviously have been Scotsmen, and in this one group there are no fewer than three. On the extreme right is Colonel Gillivray ; next to him is Colonel Robertson ; and fifth in the line (from the right) is Major-General Ross

French-Men Who Have "Made Good"

One of Germany's many miscalculations was the underrating of the strategical abilities of the French generals. Our illustration shows General Joffre (second on the left of the picture), with General Michel on his right, and on his left Generals Gallieni (wearing pince-nez) and Pau

TO-DAY'S NEWS

THE BRITISH ARMY
STILL IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT

THRILLING DESPATCH FROM SIR JOHN FRENCH

Latest War Cables from the Front

The latest advices from Paris to-day intimate that there is little of importance to report. An official communication states that there is no fresh news to communicate.

BORDEAUX, Monday, 4 a.m.

There is no fresh news to report since FRIDAY.

(OFFICIAL.)

FIERCE BATTLE NOW ON.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday week, 6 a.m.

A report from San Francisco states that there is a strong rumour current in Rome that news of very great significance has been received here. The telegram, which has been heavily censored, reads:—

"On Saturday last a strong force of ——— were reported to be near ———, a small village on the outskirts of ———. The ——— troops having been utterly ———, are now reported to have gone to ——— "

[This telegram has been submitted to the Press Bureau, who, while not objecting to its publication, take no responsibility as to the truth of the report.]

In France.

LATEST OFFICIAL REPORT.

"NO FURTHER NEWS."

THE GREAT BATTLE.

From Neuter.

PARIS, Monday.

The official *communiqué* issued at eleven o'clock last evening says:

"The situation here is, as it were, as it was, and there is, therefore, no further news to report.

ANOTHER GREAT RUSSIAN VICTORY.

PARIS, Monday, 2.33 a.m.

The result of the great battle between the Russians and combined German and Austrian forces round Splitsgifkoff is not yet known, but it is reported on excellent authority that the position of the opposing forces is extremely satisfactory to the opposing forces, although the battle is not yet in full swing. The report of a great Russian victory cannot therefore refer to this conflict, but to *another* Great Russian victory—probably that reported by us last week.

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S DESPATCH.

THRILLING DETAILS OF VICTORY.

The latest despatch received by the War Office from Field-Marshal Sir John French and published at length in our issue of three days ago is still in the hands of the authorities. The simple terms in which the thrilling incidents were recorded by the famous Field-Marshal can still be read in our issue of three days ago, but in case any of our readers have forgotten the despatch we reprint it at length with new black type headings.

WAR NOTES.

BY OUR MILITARY EXPERT.

The official telegrams from the western theatre of war to-day intimate that there is little or no news to communicate. Let us first of all examine this information carefully, but at the same time, without any exaggerated optimism, and see for ourselves what this really means.

. . .

"No news is good news," we are told, therefore without any undue optimism we are entitled to assume that the news from the front is *good* news, and coming as it does from official sources, *very good* news.

. . . .

Now, very good news from the front (*official*, mind you) can only mean one of two things—(1) a victory for the Allied Armies over the German forces, or (2) a smashing blow to the Kaiser's hosts by the combined British and French troops. In either case we are fully entitled to congratulate ourselves on the way things are shaping, and the note of optimism in our notes in this column yesterday is fully justified.

. . . .

At last we can redeem our promise of a week ago to say more of a certain factor in the operations in the western seat of war. We all knew at the time what this factor was and how it would operate, and the more thoughtful of us knew also what the effects of such operations would be on the situation in general, but the necessary caution imposed on us by the fear of giving information to the enemy forbade us giving more than a hint of its nature.

. . .

If, therefore, it was necessary *then* to be cautious in our statements, it is a hundred times more needful to be cautious *now*. It must be, however, quite clear to everyone what it was we intended to convey to our readers, and we shall, therefore, say no more at present.

. . . .

But, we shall see.

WE DEDICATE THE ABOVE, WITHOUT COMMENT, TO OUR ESTEEMED EVENING CONTEMPORARIES

THE HEAD OF THE GERMAN VAM--PIRE

BELLICOSITIES

A NEW name for the German Imperial Family—"The Hun-zollerns."

* * *

The German General's excuse that he ordered the destruction of Rheims Cathedral in the belief that it was a hospital is held to be insufficient.

* * *

Belgian refugees from the beautiful town of Louvain are quartered in the Hampstead Garden Suburb. There seems to be no end to the horrors these poor people have to endure.

* * *

The real story of the origin of the Russian "myth" (?) is given to us as follows: "The Dockyard Authority at Aberdeen received a telephone message from London to 'prepare to receive ships from Archangel containing rations.'" The operator got the last word wrong, the rumour spread, *et voilà tout!*

* * *

We are asked, by the way, to deny the rumour that 20,000 Esquimaux passed through Willesden Junction with the blinds drawn last Friday night.

* * *

We knew it. Instinct told us.

Rheims Cathedral was destroyed that it might be restored by the Kaiser himself.

He would have done it to German Cathedrals.

But Germany forbade.

He hoped to do it in conquered France.

But God forbids.

* * *

COLONEL: "Sire, I have the honour to inform you that our success is only partial, and the troops under my command are now in full retreat!"

ST. WILLIAM: "Inform the Almighty at once! He cannot have given the matter the attention I requested of him!"

The Kaiser has been re-reading "Germany's Next War." He has come to the conclusion that the present cannot be the one Bernhardi meant.

* * *

The Austrian forces having now been utterly annihilated in every successive issue of the evening papers for at least six weeks, we regard their continued reappearances at various unpronounceable parts of the theatre of war as utterly contrary to the spirit of correct corpsely conduct. Some soldiers don't seem to know when they're dead.

It has become quite unnecessary to buy newspapers. The intelligent wayfarer, by a careful study of the sheaves of posters which are issued at frequent intervals during the day, can be sufficiently misinformed as to the progress of the war without spending even a ha'penny.

* * *

Londoners are almost looking forward to a Zeppelin raid. Things are slack just now, but it is felt that in the event of a raid by air everybody's business will be looking up.

* * *

The Postmaster has arranged for "the text of full rate extra European plain language messages" to be sent by cable at reduced rates. Mr. Churchill's plain language message to Germany should, therefore, go through all right.

* * *

The Kaiser has threatened that if Germany is beaten he will arm "every cat and dog in the Empire." When the Dachshunds are mobilised the phrase that "an army marches on its stomach" will be almost literally true.

* * *

A London magistrate rather mystified two soldiers who, accused of being drunk and disorderly, admitted that they had been "on the spree" before going to the front. "Well, you may go this time," he said with a smile, "and I hope you will soon be on the Spree again!"

* * *

It seems somewhat curious at first sight that the task of looking for a mysterious wireless telegraphy plant which is operating on the Pacific Coast, and sending out uncensored messages, has been entrusted (so we are informed from Washington) to the Department of Agriculture. But, when you come to think of it, matters relating to plants are well within the province of a Department of Agriculture.

Some Autumn Sport

OR THE AEROPLANE AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE PHEASANT

Photograph *Topical*

PICKED MARKSMEN ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THEIR QUARRY IN FRANCE

THE grouse have had a restful season, for there is greater game abroad—huge winged things that soar above the Allied trenches and drop smoke-bombs to guide watching batteries behind. Everybody knows what part the aeroplane has played in reconnoitring positions and giving information which is turned to deadly use by the artillery. There is no hiding from these petrol hawks, so they must be winged at any cost. And they can smite as well as spy; they carry special bombs to drop in the trenches and sheaves of pencil-like darts. All five Allies—British and French, Russian, Belgian and Serbian—now have trained marksmen told off to watch for aeroplanes and bring them down, either by rifle-fire or with mitrailleuses and Maxims. And a fascinating sport it is, as the huge quarry looms larger and larger at the same time dropping lower and lower, well knowing its risk, but resolved to find out every disposition of the enemy. Alluring also to the flyer, sniped at by a hundred sharpshooters and blazed at besides by guns on armoured cars that throw a shell specially designed for this work.

Photograph *Newspaper Illustrations*

BAGGED!—THE RESULT OF A "RIGHT AND LEFT" WELL-TIMED AND JUDGED

Some Paradoxes of the War

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN FRANCE

I am not a naval expert, but I am very fond of ginger beer. This is not a sentence for a new phrase book to supplant the volumes of the never more to be used Ollendorff, but a mere statement of fact. I met three officers of H.M. Navy. It doesn't matter at which British base in France I met them, for in these days we mention very few places, men or regiments by name. "Bobs" and Lord Esher were in Paris recently. Also Sir John French. But as this article will not appear until long after they have left the boulevards there is no indiscretion in that statement.

Well, then, the three naval officers and I forgathered. There were No. 1, a full lieutenant, and numbers two and three. Their ship belonged to the new motor-boat service of the British fleet, and the three officers were as business-like as only naval officers can be. It was therefore somewhat of a shock to me to realise in conversation that No. 1 was an optician in Great Portland Street before the war, that No. 2 was not entirely unconnected with a very well-known brand of ginger beer, in times of peace, while No. 3 sold motor-cars when he was not running messages for His Majesty's Navy. And, mind you, there was nothing amateurish about the officers of H.M. motor-boat ———. They were a delightful object-lesson in the simple and practical methods of the country which we love and serve to the best of our power. These three men gave me a delightful Sunday afternoon in their tiny cabin, which, in a French port with a gale blowing outside, procured the illusion of Boulter's Lock to a tired journalist who was wearied of war. And the afternoon's ending saw me sprawling about one of H.M.'s destroyers, and realising something of the lives of her seventy heroes, who, after doing their work on the enemy, do not fear death but expect it quietly.

Next day I was travelling across France towards another British base in company with a war-worn captain of French Infantry with a German bullet-hole in his knee. The poor little man was most uneasy. He had married a few days before the war, and his young wife, his old mother, and his father who is nearly eighty were, when he last heard news of them, in a small town which is one of the pivots of the battle of the Aisne.

You can imagine le Capitaine D——, can you not, gazing moodily out at the landscape and answering questions in monosyllables. Not a bit of it! Monsieur le Capitaine D—— entertained me with a rhapsody on warfare. Perfect health, glorious weariness after the hard day's march—as many as six hours at a time under continuous fire—and then when shell fire continued at night, a quiet nap in the trenches! "One gets so used to being shelled, you know," he said apologetically. And do you know what was his salient memory of the retreat from Belgium with the Germans close behind him? A summer evening when they were not quite so close behind, and the first pipe without shell-fire accompaniment he had enjoyed for a fortnight. "I shall never forget that pipe," he murmured ecstatically. "And my bed was a beautiful soft couch of straw, and the stars were so lovely. I was quite peevish when the shells woke me again two hours later." "Peevish!" Did you know that the retiring troops were shelled so closely and so systematically that the noise was such as to make it imperative to yell orders into an orderly's ear, even when they were only to be carried twenty or thirty yards.

And here is another quaint little paradox of war-time. It happened in Paris, and I saw it there, because after much travel Paris proved to be the only possible centre for a journalist who wants to know what is really happening. In this new Paris we go by train or bicycle to just behind the firing-line, and return in the evening much as a City man returns from business. In this new Paris, into which well-known actors return as grubby, dusty soldiers from their guardianship of railway bridges, to which German spies in French or English uniforms (stripped from dead men or prisoners on the field of battle) drive motor-cars and pick up such news as they can contrive to get, in this new Paris where women are the ticket-collectors in the tube, and half-past nine is what midnight was a few weeks ago. In this new Paris, then, I saw a tall coloured soldier (his nationality need not be mentioned) crossing the Place de l'Opera. A young Frenchman passed. The dark-skinned private drew himself solemnly erect, and saluted the young Frenchman in his uniform of dark blue and silver. Nobody told the man that he had saluted a telegraph boy. And, after all, what did it matter? Service is the main thing. And we all serve as we can.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

NEXT WEEK.

Our Special Correspondent and Artist,

"JINGLE" and NORMAN MORROW

are now in Belgium, and next week we shall publish eye-witnesses' descriptions and pictures of the dropping of the

ZEPPELIN BOMB UPON OSTEND.

The Most Sacrilegious Act of All

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT

THE CATHEDRAL TOWERS FROM THE VICINITY OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE

What remains of the upper portion of the archbishop's house, which was seriously damaged by shell fire, is seen in the foreground

Photographs] BEAUTIFUL MASONRY IRREPARABLY DEFACED [*Central News*

The German excuse for bombarding this stately and sacred edifice was that the towers were being used for purposes of observation

Books on The War

The Prevailing Topic

THE publisher's lot at the present moment is hardly a happy one. The War—from his point of view—came just at the most inconvenient moment. Preparations for the autumn season were far advanced, when orders had to be suddenly cancelled, and old lists had to be anxiously scanned to find such books as dealt in any way with the crisis. As a result, many a book—biography as well as fiction—has found a new lease of life. But there have been anxious times, and even the reprints which have been rushed through the presses at top speed cannot have produced anything like a comfortable compensation. Yet we must read; and now the new books are slowly filtering through into the market. In a month or two, I dare say, the "Books received to-day" lists will regain their normal length. Meanwhile, we may look at one or two of the books which deal, directly or indirectly, with the greatest of all the wars.

Bernhardi the Bold

And one particular volume easily claims first place. It will surely be safe to say that before the war the number of British readers who knew anything of Freidrich von Bernhardi, beyond the fact that he was a German general, was exceedingly small. His book, *Germany and the Next War* (Arnold: 2*s.* net), had, it is true, been translated by Mr. Alan Powles into English, and come in for considerable notice at the hands of the more serious critics, but the general reader remained in ignorance, if not of its existence, certainly of its contents. And now you can see it on every bookstall in the Kingdom.

An Astounding Production

It is truly an astounding production. I do not pretend to criticise it. Bernhardi is by no means the first man to write of the "duty to make war," but few of his predecessors, unless it be that much be-praised and most professional Treitschke, the "national" historian of Germany, have ventured to go quite so far. There are no half measures about Bernhardi. Off he goes at the start and maintains a giddy pace until the last page is reached. And the odd thing about his book is that it really does contain much that is true. Without much difficulty it is possible to adduce a highly reasoned argument in favour of war, and Bernhardi has done this so skilfully that at moments you are apt to forget how easily he could be answered. In any case Englishmen will do well to read this book, and ponder, and—act.

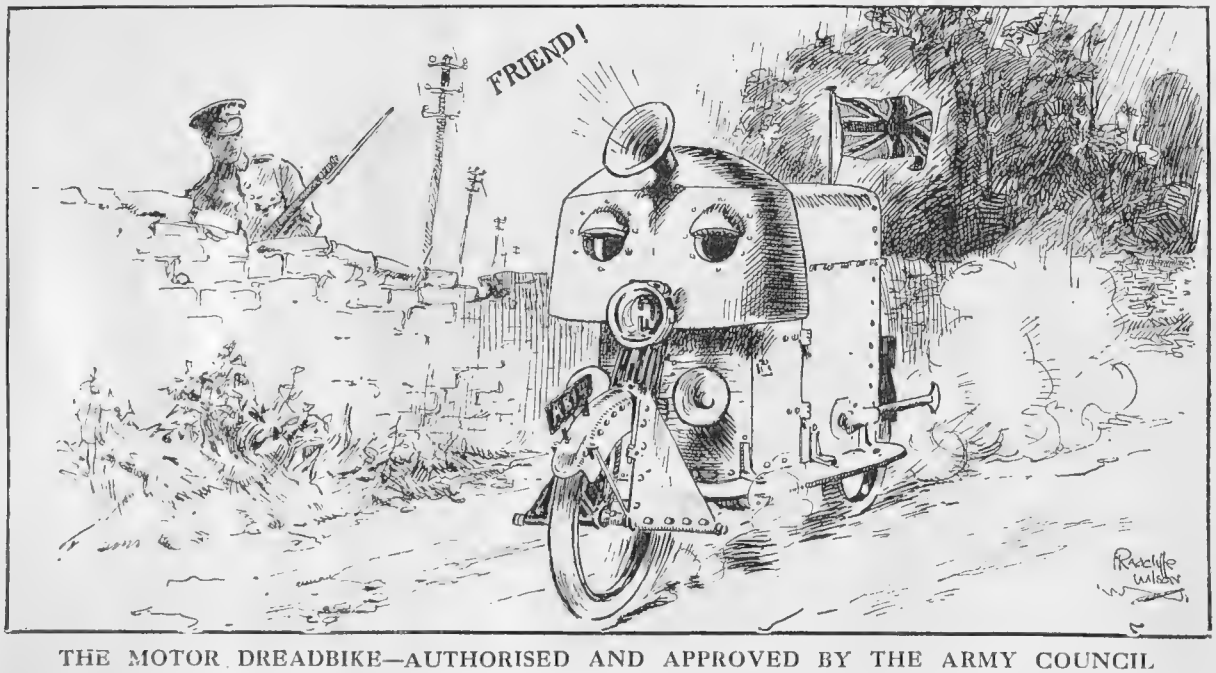
The American View

An equally clear if less Prussianized view of the militarism that has been running amok in Germany may be found in Roland Usher's *Pan-Germanism* (Constable: 2*s.* net). This American Professor of History sums up the present situation in a single sentence to be found on his first page. "The Germans aim at nothing less than the domination of Europe and of the world by the Germanic Race." There you have it! Like Bernhardi, Professor Usher does not mince matters, but unlike the Prussian General he measures his steps. Taken together, the two books afford about as clear an exposition of the enemy's aims as it is possible to have.

The Histories

Then there are the histories, even at this early date. The *Daily Telegraph* and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton lost no time in projecting a series of little war-books. *How the War Began* (1*s.* net) is well done. Mr. J. M. Kennedy had plenty of material at his hand, and used it well. In his *Campaign About Liège* (1*s.* net), however, the shortness of time has hardly allowed him sufficient aloofness from which to view what will undoubtedly be one of the most interesting phases of the war. Yet Mr. Kennedy is not alone. *The Siege of Liège* (Laurie: 1*s.* net) by Paul Hamelius, Professor of English Literature at the University of Liège, has already made its appearance, and is described as an exact delineation by an eye-witness.

R. S.



THE MOTOR DREADBIKE—AUTHORISED AND APPROVED BY THE ARMY COUNCIL

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NOTE.—A beautiful reproduction in colours of the above picture will be sent to any customers and friends upon receipt of three stamps (to cover postage and packing) on application to the Head Offices, 26, Holborn, London, E.C.

Boy Scouts and Anti-Militarism

FROM one of THE BYSTANDER'S casual correspondents—of whom there are many even in these troublous times—comes a communication which is both topical in its theme and original in its conception. The theme is Boy Scouts; the treatment of it takes the form of a wholesale condemnation of the Boy Scout movement, based upon allegations which are sufficiently serious to compel attention even if they do not carry conviction.

***

The backbone of his contention appears to be that the movement is anti-militarist. It is true that the movement is non-military, but "non-military" and "anti-militarist" are by no means synonymous terms. It seems to me, in fact, highly illogical to describe the Boy Scout movement, on the face of it, as anti-militarist. I should judge that its effect would be to foster a military, rather than an anti-military, spirit, and that the Boy Scout would, as a rule, make a good and keen soldier. I am told, too, that my view is borne out by facts.

***

However, our correspondent sticking to his anti-militarist guns, carries his contention a step further. Whatever the Boy Scout movement may have been before the war (he says in effect), it is anti-militarist now because it has become a refuge for the shirkers, "a godsend to a lot of young fellows desperately willing to do anything but fight." This, though it applies as well to ex-Scouts of military age, who (as he alleges) have rejoined the force—instead of Kitchener's army—in large numbers, is aimed more particularly at Scoutmasters. Herein lies the real sting of the indictment. Is scoutmastering used as a cloak for shirking? Some Scoutmasters are too old (we are told); but the average Scoutmaster is a young fellow of from seventeen to thirty years of age. It is into him that our correspondent has got his knife.

***

Now it seems to me that this contention is based upon the too common inference that every man of military age who is not a soldier of some kind or other is necessarily a shirker. The unsoundness of that inference had, I thought, been demonstrated some while back when the white-feather crusade came to its predestined end. But it seems that we have still got to remind ourselves that everybody cannot be a fighting man. With a great many it is a mere matter of inches, and yet of inches which matter most insistently; and the people who are not physically fit to be soldiers are not wanted yet, though they may be called upon—in desperation—some day.

Then again, there are others who are practically compelled to stick to their present jobs. The man for whom the end of the war, unless he lives to see it, and perhaps even if he lives to see it, can mean nothing else but destitution for those who have been relying upon him, either wholly or partly, for their sustenance, thinks more than twice—and quite rightly—before he takes the plunge. He knows—for he is not an idler—that he is helping, if not actually to keep the national flag flying, to keep the national pot boiling, which is, at any rate, a matter of some importance.

***

When, if ever, the time arrives for the order to be issued, "go forth into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in," I am inclined to doubt whether the Scoutmaster will, as they say in Ireland, be conspicuously backward in coming forward, and I am further inclined to think that he will prove to be a better stop-gap than many of his fellows. There are, no doubt, shirkers in every camp, military or otherwise, but I fancy that my correspondent is a trifle obsessed, not only with a fear that there are many more than there really are, but by an erroneous belief that their asylum is located in the ranks of the Boy Scouts. H. S. S.

The Car at the Front

Hanging the Expense

WHEN nations go to war they have to hang the expense. While the silver bullets rain in from the rear the leaden bullets storm out from the front—until somebody cries "Hold, enough." It costs three figures in pounds sterling to fire some guns once, and nobody worries on the score of expense if a few thousand shells miss the target; and we see carried "a million pounds in steel, to the cod and corpse fed conger eel" (to quote the florid bard) without a regret save for the loss of the fighting-machine and the splendid crew who man it. Therefore, we shall not beat our breasts overmuch at the news that thousands of pounds worth of automobile is already strewn about the roads of France and Belgium; nor shall I be greatly depressed if the populace omit to roar with indignation at the waste, when I venture to affirm that quite a considerable number of these vehicles have been thrown away. My sole concern in mentioning the matter is, if possible, to secure for it a little of the reserve of organisation available. Because it is fairly obvious that one car unnecessarily scrapped weakens, however infinitesimally, the efficiency of transport. And transport is a very vital consideration indeed.

Car-Scrapping Extraordinary

In this connection I speak with the voice of authority—or, to be literally accurate, I write as I have it from the voice of authority The other day a certain Baronet of the blood and a friend of mine, emerged from the fog of war on a pair of sticks with one foot out of action. Nothing serious, happily; and already he has a new billet and probably, by the time this is off the press, he will be manœuvring around Belgium or France with an automobile, mounting a useful sort of gun trained upwards. Teutonic airmen will hear very little to their advantage from that same gun—as little as the German patrol heard from the gun which Commander Sampson, a leader among seaplane pilots and a very handy man indeed ashore, afloat, or aloft, recently introduced to their notice from the inside of an armoured car. My friend of the feckless foot being usefully endowed with the gift of tongues, and knowing motor-cars inside and out, that being his peace-time business, found himself with a sort of roving commission and a motor truck, picking up stragglers and uniting them again with the parent regiment, and otherwise doing general transport work. And it seemed to him very obvious that of the many cars jettisoned by the roadside, very few indeed had been put out by the action of the enemy, most of them, in all probability having been run out for lack of replenishments, spares, mechanical knowledge, and resource. In his own case his truck might have finished any time had he not bought up a supply of soft iron bolts to replace the many which sheared, and similarly equipped himself with lubricants of which there was a plentiful lack.

***

A Mild Suggestion

That involved (money apart) mechanical and linguistic knowledge which the ordinary car-driver does not generally possess. Motor vehicles without adequate lubrication are rather worse than nothing. They cumber the road, and an unencumbered road is important. Motor vehicles under the exceptional stresses and rough usage they are required by the conditions of war to endure, need spare parts and a mechanic, and, where possible, some idea of the location of the repair train. If these things are not available, the motor vehicle had better be docked until they are, for the sake of the men and the stores they bear. If everything is available, as I believe, a little organisation only is lacking. There is plenty of this also available merely waiting the command. That command will come sooner or later—sooner I hope. ALEC. J. M. GRAY

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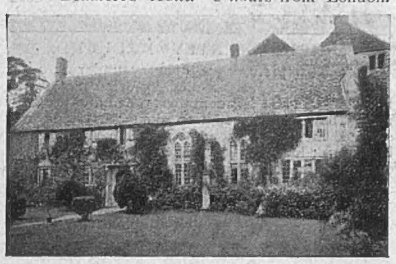

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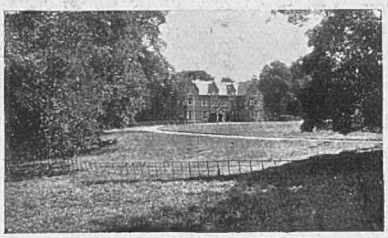

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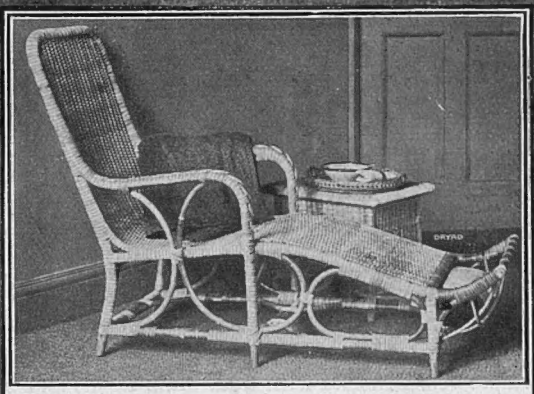

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Shopping Memoranda for the Week

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Supreme Charm of the Semi-Trimmed Hat

AS I have hinted more than once of late, the tendency of the day in the world of dress is for greater simplicity of expression, and among other things to make a strong appeal in this connection is the latest arrival upon the scenes in semi-trimmed hats. So charming, in fact, are the simple velour shapes with their plain bands and bows, that one may prophesy with conviction that this type of hat will rapidly become ubiquitous. Considerable care and discrimination is therefore needed as to the particular source from which it is commandeered.

For many years now, the firm of D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, have made a great speciality of French velour hats, and previous to the *boulversement* of trade in France, they were able to requisition large and important stocks of beautiful models, all of equally sterling value, but varying in shape, style, and price. By this fortuitous piece of business enterprise, Messrs. D. H. Evans are not only able to present an unique supply of models, but at the same time keep the prices at an exceptionally low level. For example, they are offering a splendid quality French velour hat in either one of the becoming sailor shapes or the fetching little close round styles, trimmed with black silk military braid, at 29*s.* 6*d.*, which challenge comparison with velour hats fetching, in other quarters, two guineas and more. The majority are in black, but a few lovely new colours are to be had at the same price. Another line of French velour trimmed hats makes a tempting bid for favour at 18*s.* 11*d.* each, an equally large and fascinating stock being also found in untrimmed shapes from 10*s.* 6*d.*

CLOSE-FITTING HAT

Of miroir velvet, with soft crown and flexible brim, trimmed with corded ribbon

Sketched at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, by Dorothy Millar

A Serious Rival

And running in close rivalry with these admirable French velours is a singularly attractive choice of small close-fitting *miroir* velvet hats, one of which has been selected for our sketch. This, as will be seen, is of most becoming character, the soft crown and flexible brim being capable of assuming any desired position. Held in the hand it is a veritable feather-weight, a fact that adds materially to its unquestionable charm. The brim is narrowly bound with black corded ribbon, which is likewise requisitioned for the band and minute bow, used to trim the crown. And last, but by no means least, the price of this covetable piece of headgear is 16*s.* 11*d.*

The "Olva" Sleeping Blanket

For this ingenious affair Mrs. Oliver, who has just moved to her new address, 39, Old Bond Street, stands sole sponsor. After a careful inspection of this blanket, or sleeping-bag, it is not difficult to believe that the task of coping with the demand for it is becoming an arduous one, in spite of fine organisation and special facilities. The blanket, as originally planned, supplied a three-fold top, and a single fold for lying upon, while a later and slightly cheaper expression has merely a two-fold top. But in either case a feature is the fitted arrangement for either shoulder, which entirely precludes any possibility of the blanket slipping down, and so leaving the upper part of the body exposed.

"Multum in Parvo"

The "Olva" Blanket is procurable either in that splendid "Olva" blanketing or in camel's hair; while for certain specialised services this sleeping-bag is being made in quilted eiderdown. In order that the bag may travel secure from wet and damp, Mrs. Oliver supplies a green mackintosh valise, which, like the blanket, can be laid flat, and is fitted with various pockets, securely closed with buttoned flaps, in which endless small impedimenta, such as razors, scissors, comb, sponge, etc., can be stowed away. A more thoroughly handy hold-all it would be impossible to imagine, and it can naturally be put to many uses other than that of containing the "Olva" Blanket.

Socks of Natural Wool

Other items included in this particular section of Mrs. Oliver's well-known establishment are service socks, knitted in natural grey wool, which is so infinitely better and more satisfactory than any dyed wools in case of wounds. In providing these socks at the lowest possible prices Mrs. Oliver is not